

Old Girls Overwhelm New Girls By Score of 58-15

ANNUAL BATTLE IS A COMPLETE VICTORY FOR OLD STUDENTS

The annual basket-ball battle between the Old and the New Girls came off Saturday night, Oct. 6, with great success. This game has always been one of great interest to everyone, because it is the first of the season, and because everyone is curious to see if the New Girls are better than the Old Girls.

The gym was packed—Old Girls on one side, and New Girls, gayly dressed in Red and White, on the other. The Faculty, of course, was there and Mr. Duke, wishing to show no partiality, sat on the side of the Old Girls for half of the game, and on the New-Girl side the other half.

The game started off fast and furious. The first goal was made by "Smitty" for the Old Girls, but Anna Lyons Sullivan squared things up soon by putting one in for the New Girls. Thus the game continued for the first quarter, the Old Girls always ahead but the New Girls making them work hard for their scores.

As the game progressed the Old Girls went farther and farther ahead in score. Still the New Girls played hard and well. The most outstanding feature of the New Girls' playing was their quickness and poise. We have good material for future varsity teams from them, for all four positions.

The game ended with a score of 58-15, in favor of the Old Girls. Nevertheless a feeling of good fellowship and friendliness existed between the two teams. Mrs. Johnston, the coach, seemed very well pleased at the outcome of the game.

The line-up was as follows:

Old Girls	Position	New Girls
Smith, E.	R. F.	Sullivan, A.
Garrison, Sis.	L. F.	Bowen
Miller, E.	R. G.	Duke, J.
Dixon, H.	L. G.	Farenholt
Quisenberry, E.	C.	Rolston, F.
Heizer, C.	R. C.	Rosen, M.

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LANIER ADMITS SEVEN NEW MEMBERS

"Where are you going?" was the question asked a hundred times last Thursday of the girls dressed in white, with flutes and hat boxes. Most of the time the answer was "nowheres," but they were going "somewheres"—they were going into the Lanier Literary Society as new members.

After two days of strenuous training in politeness and obedience the following girls: Margaret Simmons, Lenora Barrett, Lelia Shipp, Dot Stevens, Iva Lou Jones, Wilsye Hamilton and Helen Duvall were admitted as full fledged members to the society.

FRANCES SALE CLUB WORK HAS BEGUN NOW

The Frances Sale Club met last Tuesday night for the first time this year.

The meeting was called to order by the president, Gene Eley. Ways of entertaining the new Home Economics students were discussed and a committee was chosen to plan the entertaining.

Margaret Kelley was chosen as chairman of the program committee for this quarter.

Dr. Rives Bids Adieu To College Students

POPULAR PASTOR BRINGS LAST MESSAGE TO GIRLS FRIDAY

The chapel program on Friday, October 5, was both a joy and a sorrow for the student body. Rev. Rives, former pastor of the Harrisonburg Methodist Church, beloved and highly esteemed by both faculty and students, gave his farewell address to the college, as he has been called to Washington to serve.

Although Dr. Rives would like to remain in Harrisonburg he said he felt it his duty to go wherever he was sent. A soldier cannot disobey orders whether he be a soldier of the church or of the state.

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PAGES ELECT OFFICERS AND WELCOME HONORARY MEMBERS

NEW MEMBERS ARE TAKEN IN TO PAGE SOCIETY AT MEETING SATURDAY

The Page Literary Society held its regular meeting Saturday evening at which time the new members were admitted to the society. The new members are: Gladys Hawkins, Mary Greene and Florence Mitchell.

Lillian Derry was elected critic for the society. This office was neglected when the other officers were elected at the beginning of the quarter.

The Page Literary Society has been very happy to welcome back their honorary member, Miss Margaret Hoffman and was delighted to have her at the meeting Saturday evening.

HINKEL IS PRESIDENT BLUE STONE ORCHESTRA

CAMPUS MUSICIANS HAVE STARTED PLANS FOR INSUING TERM

The Blue Stone Orchestra held its first meeting of the year 1928-29, on Thursday, October 4. Jean Eley was forced to resign the office of president because she had more than the allowed number of points. Madeline Hinkel was unanimously elected to take her place. The Orchestra has begun the new year with hopes to accomplish many things.

HOUCK IS GLEE CLUB PRESIDENT THIS YEAR

CAMPUS SINGERS ARE WORKING HARD FOR SUCCESSFUL YEAR

Due to the large number of Glee Club members who graduated last June, the club found it necessary to take in ten new members at the beginning of this year.

The Glee Club has already begun to work in earnest. The members have started a repertoire for the session. Officers elected for this year are:

President	Janet Houck
Vice-president	Harriet Pearson
Secretary	Emily Wiley
Treasurer and Business Manager	Lillian Derry
Librarian	

Y. W. Service of Lights Is Held Thursday Night

BEAUTIFUL ANNUAL CUSTOM IS CARRIED OUT IN LOVELY MEETING

The annual Service of Lights of the Y. W. C. A. was held Thursday evening in Walter Reed Hall. The purpose of this service at the beginning of each year is to take in all members of the student body as members of the Y. W. C. A.

The service was impressive and very inspiring from beginning to end. Everyone was dressed in white, and only the lights necessary for those conducting the program to see by were lighted at the beginning of the service. The president of the Y. W. C. A., Mary Boone Murphy, conducted the devotional exercises. Then the large white candle which she held was lighted, and she lighted the candles held by the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet members from this. They, in turn, lighted the candles of the committee members. From them the lights were passed to all the girls present. After this, the recession was begun, in which everyone sang "Follow the Gleam."

The sight of hundreds of girls in white, carrying white lighted candles, while other lights were low, created one of the most impressive services ever held on the campus. It was as important as it was impressive, for it made all of those taking part active members of the College Y. W. C. A.

PROFESSOR COMBS GIVES MUSICAL PROGRAM HERE

SINGER AND WIFE OFFER DELIGHTFUL CHAPEL PROGRAM WEDNESDAY

Professor Combs, a vocal teacher from Tennessee, gave the student body an unexpected treat Wednesday, October 3, during chapel period, in the form of vocal selections.

Professor Combs, who has never visited the school before, has a pleasing personality, and he delighted the audience with his singing. He was accompanied by his wife at the piano.

The selections chosen by Professor Combs were both varied and well-chosen. Among them were hymns, a negro spiritual, love lyrics, and humorous songs. Applause for encores denoted the appreciation of the student body.

FIVE CANDIDATES BECOME NEW LEES

Last week saw the initiation of five new members into the Lee Literary Society. This quintet of worthy aspirants to membership in one of the oldest organizations on the campus appeared Wednesday morning garbed in white attire from head to heel, wearing silver circlets around their brows which bore the word "Lee" in gold and carrying silver swords similarly inscribed. After two days of saluting and performing brave deeds, the following five were initiated into full membership in the society: Elizabeth Bishop, Nellie Cowan, Elizabeth P. Cox, Eugenia Huff and Vivian McDonald. A sixth, Lena Bones, who had accepted an invitation to membership, was unable to be present at initiation so will be given her pledge later.

Boston Women's Symphony is Coming Here Last of October

Allgood Is Now The Junior Class Head

JUNIORS REELECT OFFICERS AT CALLED MEETING ON SATURDAY

Due to the new rules in the handbook to the effect that "no student shall hold the same office two years in succession . . ." and to the fact that some of those elected were carrying too many points, it was necessary for the junior class to hold a re-election of officers for the year 1928-29. This second election was held at noon Saturday in the Little Gym. The new junior class leaders are:

President	Mary Brown Allgood
Vice-President	Rose Hogge
Secretary	Elizabeth Kaminsky
Treasurer	Evelyn Timberlake
Business Manager	Mina Thomas
Sergeant-at-Arms	Elizabeth Dixon

All of these officers, except that of vice-president, were newly-filled Saturday.

TEN NEW SINGERS ARE NOW GLEE CLUB MEMBERS

GLEE CLUB ADDS TO ITS MEMBERSHIP BY ADMITTING TEN GIRLS

"Song birds" were the order of the day last Tuesday when ten new Glee Club members appeared upon the campus in their characteristic black caps decorated with white notes and musical signs. After a day's appearance thus decorated, the girls became full-fledged Glee Club members. The student body and faculty is delighted to see the chapel choir swelling to such majestic proportions. The new members are: Betty Bishop, Florence Mitchell, Margaret Simmons, Elzea Gochenour, Anna Mendal, Evelyn Anthony, Garnet Hamrick, Ruth Sisson, Edna Brown and Ruth Archibald.

DR. GIFFORD TAKES HIS CHAPEL AUDIENCE ON TRIP

DELIGHTFUL TRAVALOGUE OF H. T. C. IS LEAD BY COLLEGE DEAN

An interesting talk was given in chapel Monday, October 1, by Dr. Gifford. It consisted of a travelogue through H. T. C.

Dr. Gifford said that as every traveler must have a guide book, the annual catalogue serves as such for those coming to this institution. From it one decides upon the direction to go by selecting one of the five courses offered. Baggage is essential for any voyage, so the number and character of classes must be determined. Only upper classmen may take excess baggage, as they have been traveling longer and have more experience than Freshmen. To take an extra load one must make an average of B before the officials will give their consent.

After continuing this trip for four years on the campus of H. T. C., one should show the benefits derived from it by the ideals which she diffuses into the profession she chooses.

Dr. Gifford also stated that the longer trip of four years would soon

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UNUSUAL AND DELIGHTFUL MUSICAL TREAT IN STORE FOR H. T. C.

The Boston Women's Symphony orchestra, under the direction of Ethel Leginska, will appear here in concert as a starring number of the lyceum course at Walter Reed Hall, on October the thirty-first.

At the beginning of her sensational career in this country Ethel Leginska was called "The Paderewski of the Woman Pianists," "The Phenomenal" Pianist. "The Pianistic Marvel." However, it is as an orchestra conductor that Leginska is achieving her greatest successes.

Leginska, upon going to Boston, became interested in organizing and conducting male symphonic orchestras. With the general trend of things upward and onward, Leginska, with the influence of several leading women's organizations, began the conducting of orchestras, formed of the various women musicians of Boston and its environs. The result of this combined effort brought about the present formation of the Boston Women's Symphony Orchestra, with Leginska as head.

In its first season, the crown of success was awarded the new musical organization upon its glowing and brilliant performances. A second season quickly followed including concerts in more distant points, a subscription series in Boston, engagements at important musical festivals and the orchestra may now be said to be launched and it can be compared favorably with any symphonic body in the country.

Flattering press notices, critic reviews that praise deeply, and enthusiastic comment come from every where. W. J. Henderson, acknowledged authority, says in the New York Sun:

"It was passionate conducting, pictorial in its extreme agitation, sensuous in interpretation. She conducted the opera (Engue Onegiu) well and unobtrusively, thus placing the statue on the stage and the pedestal in the orchestra.

In the New York Tribune, there is the following excerpt:

"In the Tchaikowsky opera, Miss Leginska did very commendable work with her orchestra, providing a well phrased, unobtrusive accompaniment, taking its right proportion with the vocal parts.

The career of Ethel Leginska has been sensational. At the age of sixteen she was on the concert stage with Melba. So widely and thoroughly did her fame spread that a year later she played before the king and queen of

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Y. W. C. A. WORK IS THEME OF CHAPEL PROGRAM

RELIGIOUS WORK OF Y. W. IS EXPLAINED BY THE ORGANIZATION

Chapel exercises on Monday, October 8, consisted of a program by the Y. W. C. A. Mary Boone Murphy, president of the organization, lead the devotional exercises, after which she spoke upon the meaning of the letters "Y. W. C. A." The Young Woman's Christian Association means exactly what its name implies. It is a Christian association for young women, not

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THE BREEZE

Published weekly by the students of the State Teachers College,
Harrisonburg, Virginia.

Member of Columbia Scholastic Press Association.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
TEN CENTS A COPY

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Editorial

HAVE YOU EVER STOPPED TO THINK?

Snyder

"Man, afraid to be alive
Shut his soul in senses five."

Is it not enough;
To have used these five senses?
To have lived on this earth where the warm haze of October veils the mountains; where tall black poplars raise themselves against the cold blue of a moonlit sky; where the same unwavering stars that have regarded man and his petty sorrows and emotions through all time, can still be seen?
To have thrilled with the touch of a baby's clutching fingers or brushed against a leafy tree; to have had a geometrically perfect snow crystal fall in an outstretched palm and melt away?
To have felt the caressing tang and sting of cold water?
To have heard the sounds that poets—in their search for beauty—seem to have forgotten—or reveled in the metamorphosis which a common sidewalk undergoes, until sometimes in the silver of moon light, it seems a tantalizing, endless, gypsy trail?
To have smelled the clean, hard strength of the air after a great storm or its sensuous heaviness on a warm, still evening?
To have known fairies and all the other beautiful and good things which children love and understand?
To have tasted the delightful prisms of fruit and spices and the re-creating sweetness of pure water?
To have seen beauty in sunsets and rainbows and jagged streaks of lightning and shapeless masses of grey rock?
To have laughed and cried over music?
To have gloried in human love?
To have realized the exulting joy of work, of having created something?
To have had the steadfast loyalty of friends?
To have known God?
These five senses—Are they not enough?

DR. J. J. RIVES

Great influences in lives are so keenly felt, so vital to the mind of the influenced that the departure in the material sense means a lack, an emptiness that somehow is never refilled. The greatest influence in the universe is the influence of one person upon another, or upon a group. Our inspirations, our joys; our depressions, our sadnesses are built upon this.

In our institution, so outstanding an influence for our continued happiness has Dr. Rives been that his going to another community brings to us the realization of how great a friend to us he has been. Constantly in touch with him, hearing his inspirational talks and sermons, the school will deeply feel the loss. So idealistic a figure he seems to us, that we cannot express in words the gratitude and thankfulness we feel and shall always feel for having known him; for what he has done to plant the love of the beautiful and the fineness of life into our hearts.

As he leaves us, somehow the knowledge of the splendid thoughts that he has brought to us so infinitely touches us that we are strengthened to carry on with the best of our ability, striving to reach the high plane of ideals which he has set up.

THE NEW BULLETIN BOARD

The Breeze is undertaking a new thing this year in the way of furnishing news to the student body. The idea has been contemplated for quite a while but just has never been put to practical use. However, this term we are putting this idea into practice. In the reading room the Breeze is putting a bulletin board for the benefit of the student body. On this board will appear clippings of various world news taken from the large papers. The student body, as a whole, seems to lack the habit of reading the papers and it is hoped that the Breeze may help stimulate this habit by the use of the new bulletin board. Watch for it. It is yours. Use it and make suggestions for its improvement.

STRATFORD INITIATES
FOUR NEW MEMBERSDRAMATIC CLUB HAS
INITIATION OF NEW
MEMBERS TUESDAY

On Tuesday morning the "goats" of the Stratford Dramatic Club appeared, wearing the customary insignia of the chosen members. Those appearing as new members were Elizabeth Knight, Mildred Coffman, Axie Brockett, and Anne Ragan.

The public initiation took place during the day, closing with the private initiation held in the studio Tuesday night, conducted by Miss Hudson, Mr. Logan, and the club members.

HURST ELECTED NEW
SOPHOMORE LEADERSECOND YEAR GIRLS HOLD
CLASS ELECTIONS ON
TUESDAY NIGHT

The Sophomore class elected its officers Tuesday night. The first officers elected had to resign because of the new rule that no person can hold the same office two consecutive years.

The new officers are:

President	Delphine Hurst
Vice-Pres.	Virginia Stark
Secretary	Lena Bones
Treasurer	Virginia Gilliam
Business Manager	Madeline Anderson
Athletic Council	Evelyn Wilson
Student Council	Doris Bane

FORMER STUDENT
WAS HERE FOR GAME

Clotilde Rodas, a member of the graduating class of '24, and a former basketball star, was present at the Old-girl—New-girl game Saturday night.

Miss Rodas is remembered not only for her brilliant work in basketball, but also for the prominent part she took in all phases of athletics and student activities.

She is now teaching in the high school at Crozet, Virginia.

DISTRICT ROTARY
MEETING HELD IN
HARRISONBURGBANQUET RENDERED GUESTS
IN SENIOR DINING HALL
AT COLLEGE

Last Tuesday evening at 6:30 the Rotarians of Winchester, Front Royal, Woodstock, Luray, New Market, and Harrisonburg held a banquet in the Senior dining hall of the college. There were approximately 175 guests present.

Mr. Frank Bane, State Commissioner of Welfare, delivered the major address.

Representatives from the different local clubs added much spice to the evening's entertainment by clever presentation of five minute stunts.

Several attractive and catchy selections were sung by the college Glee Club.

Prior to the banquet, a golf tournament was held at the Spotswood Country Club in which members of the various clubs participated.

EPISCOPAL TEA

The Episcopal girls of the college were very enjoyably entertained at the home of Rev. Williams last Friday afternoon at four o'clock.

A picnic supper of potato salad, weiners, coffee, and marshmallows, was served on the lawn.

Each guest was then presented with a big red apple in which was a lighted candle. A happy half hour followed with everyone trying to toast her marshmallow over this flickering blaze.

Many members of the faculty were also present at the tea.

BOOKS REVIEWED
AND CRITICIZED
(K. N. C. Harris—Editor)POPULAR STORY IS
PLEASING TO MANY

Strange Interlude—by Eugene O'Neill, Boni & Liveright, New York—1928

"Strange Interlude" has been seen by thousands of people, many of whom have gone to New York for that express purpose. Fine large editions of the book have been sold to people who were curious, and anxious for O'Neill's finest play, and all have been more than satisfied.

It is a story of Nina Leeds, a professor's daughter, whose fiancé, Gordon, was killed in the war. This Gordon, who is dead when the play opens, is one of its most real characters. His shadow is always present in the lives of the three men whom Nina practically uses to fill his place, and later, in the life of her son Gordon. "Dear old Charlie" Marsden, with his clever understanding is a looker-on of life, and Nina's patient, platonic friend. Poor Evans, with his great need of Nina, is her husband, Ed Darrell, the Scientist and the real man of Nina's little group, is her lover.

The theme presents a very possible, though unusual, social problem—O'Neill gives no very living characters whose development we are permitted to watch, not only as we watch ordinary people, but by reading into their minds and hearts through the extensive use of the aside.

Strange Interlude is ringing with beautiful clever lines such as, "the only living life is the past and future—the present is an interlude—Strange Interlude, in which we call on past and future to hear witness we are living!"

This book will be enjoyed, whether it is read lightly for aesthetic pleasure, or more deeply, as a study of developing character.

K. N. C. H.

NEW YORK SOCIETY
NOVEL REVIEWED

Twilight Sleep—Edith Wharton—D. Appleton and Company, New York, London, 1927.

Twilight Sleep is a novel of modern New York Society, centering around Pauline Manford and her family, which has been rendered complex through divorce.

Mrs. Manford is capable, dominating and broad-minded, the kind of woman who is self-centered, but sincerely believes she is giving her life to others.

Her day, as it appears on her secretary's tablet, begins with "7:30 A. M. mental uplift," and runs systematically a combination of everything from Psycho-analysis to seeing the cook, including various meetings, sitting for a portrait, and seeing "Exhibit A." The latter means her first husband, Arthur Wyant. As a girl of wealth, but insufficient social backing, Arthur's blood and connections made him a good match, but he proved too lazy and ineffectual to hold such a self-sufficient lady. She divorced him, but held tenaciously to the social positions.

Pauline had little trouble arranging the lives of exhibit A and their son, Jim, but Mr. Manford and Lita, Jim's beautiful wife, presented quite a problem. Nona Manford, the daughter, is the most interesting of the characters. She is cynical and hardened by her home environment, and her love for a married man.

Mrs. Wharton tells her story in a subtle way, making clear characterizations but merely suggesting the plot elements which she brings skillfully to a dramatic climax. The Wyant-Manford family is brought to order, with the exception of Nona, who receives a flesh wound from a revolver, and remains cynic.

AS I SEE IT

(Frances Snyder—Editor)

UP-TO-DATE FABLE

Once upon a time a freshman entered a teachers college. Being a trifle elevated in mind—and attitude because of her senior year in High school, she therefore conducted herself accordingly, although she was now merely a freshman.

Now it so happened that, in college, there was a strict rule against any form of hazing.

This freshman took advantage of this rule to rush pass Seniors and dignified upper-classmen on the sidewalk; to ignore them blithely in the matter of precedence through doorways; to act as if the school and all in it were in immediate subservience to herself. Her long-suffering room-mates also whispered among themselves and a few of their intimates, she was not-so-well loved by anyone.

Now, one night, when the whole dormitory was peacefully dreaming—or ought to have been—a great big Goblin came. He sat on the foot of her bed and calmly announced that he was going to eat her up—And very calmly began to devour her.

The next morning when it was discovered that her bed was empty and there were no signs of her, the school breathed a sigh of relief—as one man—and dropped the matter.

Moral: Warning to all Fresh Freshmen!

EXPLANATION

I know it's silly to set here
Alone an' cry—
With you so sympathetic an'
Askin' me why—
I dunno, hon, jes—I get a
Kinda' dull ache
When I see all yer lovin's done
For duty's sake.
Sometimes, I hear yer laughter
Soundin' so clear,
An' I think maybe yer sorry,
You have me, dear.
I'm glad to see ya' happy, but
Somehow it seems
Things ain't turnin' out like they was
Planned in our dreams.
I use ter make yer happy, too—
It's others, now—
Doncha' see?—Jeez, I don't blame ya'
—'Cause I love ya'—
Things jes' kinda' hurt—
tha's all.
—F. D. S.

A TRUE STORY

Larry was a poet. He was a poet to the nth degree—He saw beauty in everything and he expressed this beauty in flowing and eloquent words.

Mary Jane was his sweetheart, and he loved her deeply and devotedly. Mary Jane, in return, loved him; she swore that life was empty without him. Mary Jane was not vain, but she desired that Larry tell her every five minutes what beautiful golden hair and sky-blue eyes she had—which Larry did rather ardently. They had sworn to be true to each other. Yes, they were indeed a happy pair.

One sunny June day, Mary Jane went for a stroll through a green, green meadow towards a shady hidden nook where she and Larry were wont to meet and whisper lovingly and softly, like two doves.

Approaching near to the nook, Mary Jane heard a voice. She stopped. It was Larry's voice! Mary Jane looked bewildered. Who could be his companion?

Mary Jane crept near and listened. She heard Larry saying:

"Oh Susan! My Susan! How lovely you are! You are the essence of joy and beauty, my dear! Your uplifted face reflects the heavens to me.

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SOCIETY

GUESTS ON CAMPUS

Douglas Sale was Harriet Pearson's guest.

Charlie Jones of Shenandoah College visited Jane Lighthut.

Emma Ruth Wells was visited by Albert Wine of Washington, D. C.

Virginia Thomas had as her guest Hoffman Blirschbiel.

Leigh Williams of W. & L. was entertained by Grace Mayo.

James Jennings, of Shenandoah, came to see Margaret Glass.

Jimmie Rogers was the guest of Florence Johnson.

Raymond Staines visited Suella Reynolds.

Brayton Gallup, from U. of Va., was Dot Frey's guest.

Nellie Cowan had as her guest Raymond Cline from the U. of Va.

Dot Rodes entertained Tommie Wayland of Crozet.

Clarke Baston was the guest of Jean Bricker.

William Keller, of Toms Brook, visited Beatrice Beydler.

Charles Barbe, of Strasburg, came to see Lucy Keller.

Geneva Firebaugh's guest was Ivan Jackson of Winchester.

Elizabeth Ranesburg entertained as her guest, Harry Heskett, of Charlestown.

Madeline Anderson was visited by Warren Eddy of Winchester.

Bill Stine, of Winchester, came to see Elizabeth Oakes.

Frank Harris, Jr., from U. of Richmond was entertained by Margaret Kelly.

Bessie Jarrett had as her guests Orlando Barton, Mildred Glovet, and Lataw Collins all of Hot Springs.

Elizabeth King was visited by Frank Pannill of Waynesboro.

Hilda Zimmerman entertained Jack Dent, Lennie Ware, and Kenneth Harper of Roanoke.

Charles Rand, from U. of Va., visited Lillian Derry.

Mr. Wright, of Charlottesville, came to see Elizabeth Edwards.

Gladys Dixon had as her guests Nelson Caneden and Hanston Childress of Lexington; Miss Margaret Robertson and Harry Lee Robertson of Roanoke.

Dorothy and Fannie Shepherd entertained Eddie Shepherd of Charlottesville.

Arthus Kelsey, from U. of Va., was Margaret Shackelford's guest.

Eleanor Evans was visited by Tom Deriges of Edinburg.

Charles Rand, from U. of Va., was the guest of Margaret Simmons.

WEEK-END TRIPS

Mildred Rhodes visited Mary Will Chandler in Woodstock.

K. N. C. Harris was the guest of Mrs. Stanley Hoover in Timberville.

Pearl Scott spent the week-end at her home in Port Republic.

Linnie Sipe went to her home in McGaheysville.

Anne Trott spent the week-end with her parents at Ft. Defiance.

Ida Hicks was the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. M. Bass of Staunton.

Edith and Esther Glick went home to Bridgewater.

Marietta Kagey spent the week-end at Dayton.

Phyllis Palmer went to her home in Greenville.

Lula Corbin went home to Weyers Cave.

Virginia Hunter was entertained in Dayton by F. C. Linhos.

Catherine Crimm went to her home

in New Market.

Shirley Miller spent the week-end at her home in Edinburg.

Gladden Hook went home to Staunton.

Ethel Deihl went to McGaheysville.

Mary Neff visited her parents in Broadway.

Miss Hoffman went to her home in Woodstock.

Carrie E. Kline was the guest of her parents in Broadway.

Selina Linhos went home to Dayton.

Lida Armentrout visited her parents at Lacey Spring.

Mildred McNeal spent the week-end at her home in New Market.

Kathleen Snapp went home to Elkton.

Helen Grove went to her home in Luray.

Juanita Berry visited her parents in Waynesboro.

Eleanor Wrenn went to Edinburg.

Hlene O'Laugh and Frances Kagey went to their home in New Market.

Elinor Ritchie visited Mrs. Frank Ritchie in Broadway.

Annabelle Beazley was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. I. W. Whitmore, in Burkettown.

Y. W. C. A. IS HOSTESS TO NEW STUDENTS

LITTLE GYM IS SCENE OF ENTERTAINMENT FOR NEW COMERS

The Freshmen and New-Old girls were delightfully entertained last Friday night in the little gym by the Y. W. C. A.

Peppy music, which dancing feet found it impossible to resist, was played by Sadie Finkelstein and "Hanky" Hughes.

After several of these dance numbers had been enjoyed, Anne Bullock gave a speech in which she welcomed all the new girls to H. T. C. This was followed by a reading by "Jitney" Thomas, a violin solo by "Hanky" Hughes, a vocal solo by Phyllis Palmer and a solo dance by Betty Douthat.

Everyone participated in the next number, which was a game for the purpose of getting the new girls acquainted with each other.

Dancing was again enjoyed, until the final climax to all real parties appeared—the refreshments.

GLEE CLUB ENTERTAINS THE NEW MEMBERS

Old members of the Glee Club entertained the goats at a banquet in the Tea Room extension after music practice Wednesday night October 3.

The color scheme was attractively carried out in the rainbow colors of the club by means of cut flowers and candles.

The goats became official members of the Glee Club during this banquet, and at the same time had quite a load taken from their minds—that of having to perform individually in chapel.

The old members present were, Harriet Pearson, Emily Wiley, Lillian Derry, Janet Houck, Frances Houck, Linda Malone, Ruth Berry, Elizabeth Kaminsky, Miss Michaels, and Miss Shaeffer. The new members there were Ruth Archibald, Elzea Gochenour, Florence Mitchell, Elizabeth Bishop, Garnet Hamrick, Anna Mendel, Margaret Simmons, Edna Brown, Evelyn Anthony, and Ruth Sisson.

CHEER LEADER FOR NEW GIRLS ELECTED

PEP AND SPIRIT! That's all the freshmen are raving over now. "Get in there ole team!" "We're back of you," yells the class, while the enthusiastic little cheer leaders urge them on with frantic gestures. The class is peppy this year, there is no doubt about it. They're bubbling over with genuine eagerness.

Catherine Markham, Catherine James, and Mildred Henderson, the new cheer leaders elected by the class, are the vivid inciters of this enthusiasm. Here's hoping it helps on the road to victory.

SEVEN NEW LANIERS ARE TAKEN IN

At last week's meeting of the Lanier Literary Society the new members were initiated after a short business meeting.

The new members are Leonora Barrett, Margaret Simmons, Wilsye Hamilton, Lelia Shipp, Iva Lou Jones, Helene Duvall and Dorothy Stevens.

(Continued from Page 2, Column 5)

You are my symbol of light and life! Your hair is like the golden moonbeams, your dark eyes like pools!—and your soul shines forth from those eyes. My dear, my dear, how beautiful you are! Fortune intended that on such a day as this that I be by your side! You are indeed, my love, a beautiful flower of nature!—My beautiful, lovely Susan!"

"Oh!", exclaimed Mary Jane, clenching her hands hard to her rosy, rosebud mouth. "The wretch!"

"How lovely! how uplifting!", continued the voice of Larry. "You are my light and life! You——"

Mary Jane turned and fled. Larry called that night and asked for Mary Jane. But she sent him word from upstairs that she would not come down! He could go make love to his old Susan!

Larry was vehement in his protest. He didn't even know anyone named Susan! What put such a notion in her lovely head?

"You made love to her over in the meadow today!—called her your light and life!" sobbed Mary Jane from upstairs.

"Why, honey, I was only writing a poem to a brown-eyed Susan," laughed Larry. "Come on down and let me tell you how much I love you."

Mary Jane came.

An hour later. "Larry, ol' kid, you're the stuff! But if yo' ever tries to gip me, kid, fer another 'Jane', I'll jest natchelly kill yo'! Get me?"

"Sure, kid, I get yo'! An' don't worry, sweet child, there ain't goin' to be any molder. 'Cause I'm yo' man, toodles, an' you're my sweetie!"

(Continued from Page 5, Column 2.)

oldest student on vacation. Yet is it a pity that this method of free and speedy transportation is passing, as indeed it seems to be. The thousands of young men, and women, who satisfied their wanderlust so inexpensively will have to suffer because of a handful of highwaymen.

—The New Student

DO YOU KNOW?

1. The motto of the 1925 Senior class?
2. What story written by Booth Tarkington was dramatized by the Stratford Dramatic Club in 1923?
3. How many volumes of books are in the library?
4. How many acres belong to the campus of H. T. C.?
5. How many points it is necessary to earn to get a small college sport letter?

Accidental discharge of arms caused many a death; neglectful discharge of duties causes many failures.

EXCHANGES AND CHANGES

(Dorothy Frey—Editor)

Received:

"The Richmond Collegian," University of Richmond:

Every news article can receive credit for its briefness, implicitness, and directness.

"The Tiger," Hampden Sydney College:

The Historical column is both original and cleverly organized.

"The Brackety-Act," Roanoke College:

It is interesting to note that the "Brackety-Act," because of its interest in the coming election, has devoted a portion of its news space to A Political Forum.

"The B. C. Bee," Bridgewater College:

The "B. C. Bee", since changing from the old "Philomathean", shows a new dash for improvement by laying particular emphasis on the literary activity of its students.

"The Journal, School of Education," Western Reserve University:

The Journal now features a new addition to its columns, The Lit Lights, which deals with popular novels in a well rounded way.

"The Flat Hat," College of William and Mary:

The "Flat Hat," since its first publication in 1917, has increased from a four page paper to the highest rated college paper in Virginia.

"The Exponent," Northern State Teachers College:

The Exponent is to be congratulated for having such a varied and excellent editorial column.

PAGES ADMIT THREE NEW MEMBERS

Many of the new girls seemed dazed Thursday, October 4, when three girls appeared on the campus dressed in white dresses, red caps, and a banner with P-A-G-E written on it. They were the three new members that the Page Literary Society had chosen. The new members were Mary Greene, Gladys Hawkins, and Florence Mitchell.

(Continued from Page 1, Column 2.)

The spiritual message which Dr. Rives brought to the student body was one which was very vivid, and of such nature as to remain in their thoughts. He stated that whatever one did she should take the thought of God with her throughout life. God should be put first, and everything should be "plus God."

In conclusion, Dr. Rives recited a poem of beautiful and uplifting wording and meaning.

A FEUDAL COLLEGE

While we are on the subject of academic freedom, the case of the College of the City of New York should be mentioned. There a vigorous group of young Communists has been opposing military drill (which, by the way, was abolished last spring as the result of years of student agitation). These students differed from most active opponents of college conscription by opposing military drill because it was carried on in behalf of an imperialistic army and not on the grounds of pacifism. The story, according to a *New Student* correspondent, follows:

"The students supported the Communist leaders. The administration retaliated at the beginning of last year by suspending two students. That only roused the fighting spirit of the campus and the two students were

(Continued to Page 4, Column 4.)

ANSWERS TO "DO YOU KNOW"

1. "Don't make excuses; make good." A good motto to follow.
2. "Monsieur Beaucaire."
3. About eleven thousand.
4. About sixty acres. Nine acres were purchased this year.
5. One thousand. To obtain a large letter, three thousand are necessary.

CHORAL CLUB HAS BEGUN WORK FOR COMING YEAR

OFFICERS ELECTED AND NEW MEMBERS HAVE NOW BEEN CHOSEN

The Choral Club has reorganized for the year under the very able direction and aid of Miss Edna Shaeffer and has started its work in earnest. The Choral Club meets on Monday evenings at 6:30 o'clock and is enjoyed by many students.

The officers elected for this year are the following:

Officers 1928-29

President Nellie Cowan
V. President Suella Reynolds
Secretary Evelyn Timberlake
Treasurer Delphine Hurst
Librarian Frances Rolston
Business Mgr. Margaret Reilly

After a try out the following girls have been admitted into the Choral Club and are now announced as members:

Janie Alexander
Virginia Atkins
Betty Barnhart
Gertrude Bazzle
Juanita Beery
Velma Bowman
R. Brothers
Dorothy Brown
Kathryn Brown
Edna Campbell
Pauline Carmines
Myrtle Carpenter
Edith Chew
Bertha Cleveland
Mildred Coffman
Elizabeth Downey
Emily Duke
Mildred Dunnivant
Isabelle Duval
Wilhelmina Edwards
Virginia Elberg
Catherine Ellis
Geneva Firebaugh
Patty Fitzhugh
Elizabeth Fritts
Hazel Giles
Mary Gilbert
Esther Glick
Mary Griffiths
Louise Haskins
Madeline Hinkel
Doris Hodges
Gladden Hook
Marjorie Hurd
Mary Jarrell
Lutie Jennings
Iva Lou Jones
Sally F. Jones
Lucy Keller
Eva Kinsey
Mildred Kinsey
Estelle La Prade
Mary Leigh
Lucy Malone
Carrie Miller
Shirley Miller
Helen Mc Neely
Lynden McPherson
Frankie Passagaluppi
Clara Payne
Tootsie Payne
Dorothy Petty
Elsbeth Peyton
Margaret Pugh
Sara Frances Ralston
Louise Ramsburg
Lois Robertson
Frances Rolston
Thelma Rotenbury
F. Rubush
Frances Shafer
Frances Shelton
Thelma Simon
Edith Simpson

(Continued to Page 4, Column 5.)

SPORT WRITERS ARE HAPPY WORKERS

"Sport writers, next to professional athletes, have the most delightful life on earth," says Westbrook Pegler in the November issue of College Humor, writing on Experts. "They are paid and hoorayed for doing in office hours what they would do anyway for relaxation and pleasure if they had to work. They attend ball games, prize fights, tennis, golf, and track tournaments, horse races, hockey matches, and the like. They travel all over the country and a few of them winter in the tropics. I was sure I would like this.

"It was my notion that sports writing was one specialized occupation in which the practitioner could get by knowing no more about his subject than a fry cook in a modern drug store knows about the U. S. pharmacopoeia. However, I believe a reporter should be able to write an account of anything he sees and that if he hasn't accumulated enough lay knowledge of the games we play in this country to afford him a general understanding of what is going on, he isn't observant enough to be a reporter in the first place."

College Humor Service

HOW BILL ROPER PICKS HIS PRINCETON VARSITY

"The quality I look for at first is best described as the ability to handle oneself," says Bill Roper, Princeton coach, in the November issue of College Humor; "a close correlation between mind and muscle which shows in balance, speed, rhythm and grace. I seek out the men with nerve and cheerfulness, who do not complain too readily of bumps and discouragements and bruises. The successful coach studies his squad and learns the dispositions and temperaments of every player. The unimaginative boy perfectly set up but utterly lacking in fire and spirit to rise to a fighting pitch during a game is a thorn in any coach's basket of roses.

"There is a general impression that only big, brawny men have a chance to excel in football. Coach Yost, of Michigan, gives five qualities that make up the football player: determination, perseverance, coordination, brains and strength. 'Determination, not strength, is the first thing I look for,' he says. 'The strong, brainy, coordinated boy is not an athlete unless he possesses the determination and willingness to persevere.'

"Stagg, of Chicago, believes that football players are born, not made. 'Certainly,' he points out, 'physical attributes enter into being a perfect football player, but a manufactured tackle or fullback will always remain an automaton, a mechanical player. The boy who is worth his weight in gold is he who is always in every play and every game up to his neck.'

College Humor

(Continued from Page 1, Column 1.)

During the game Shackleford substituted for Heizer for Dixon, and Bowers for Heizer. And Wagner and Hoff substituted for Sullivan and Bowen, Leith for Rosen, and Robertson, Clemmer and McPherson for Duke and Farenholt.

Mr. O'Doffer, of the High School refereed the game.

After the game eats were sold by the Athletic Association and girls laid in the supply for Sunday night suppers.

(Continued from Page 1, Column 4.)

be the minimum requirement for high school teachers, and that the two-year voyage was becoming essential for the elementary teacher.

Some girls are proud to wear the fur of their ancestors. Have you ever noticed all the coats on the campus trimmed in monkey fur?

LATEST FASHION NOTES FROM MANHATTAN GIVEN

"Fur coats promise to be more varied and amusing than ever before," says Lois Long, writing in the November College Humor. "Besides all the old familiar broadtails and karaculs and nutrias and other standbys in the fur line, lots and lots of Persian krimmer, deluxe pony, and the fur known as lapin, will be seen in informal coats.

"Collars are very interesting this year, being designed to look well whether worn open or closed. In the old days, the fur coat that was worn open had a way of dragging wearily off the shoulders that was terribly unbecoming. Now they are cut with narrowish lapel effects in the front so that they fit the shoulders regardless, and have a way of flaring high and wide and handsome at the back of the neck Medici fashion.

"On sport coats there are lots of scarfs, many of them designed to be worn like riding stocks, and made either of the soft kasha or wool composing the lining or of a contrasting fur. Belts appear on sport coats, as might be expected.

"The new hats are also to be seen dashing up and down our rough-riding streets, the most amusing thing about them being the concentration at the back of the neck. With those flaring collars just referred to, it all seems a great waste, but fashion is fashion. They even go so far as to have ruffled arrangements descending low on the nape of the neck, and ornaments just over the place where you used to have that snappy V on your bob. And with all this material placed in the rear, it is only natural that lots of them should expose large portions of the forehead, which is grand for the calm Madonna type of face with regular features and a perfect jaw line, but not so good for more aggressive types. These can console themselves for wearing other types of hats with the idea that their faces have character.

"You can have skirts almost any way you like as long as they are longish. Stiff velvet is putting in an early fall appearance, both for evening wraps that flare and perform in general like the taffetas of summer, and for evening gowns. This is a relief from transparent velvet.

"It looks as if people were going to take up Paris' bluish grays, ranging all the way from slate colors to steel for the daytime, and also, if you are vivid enough, for evening. Dark bottle green shoes for daytime are beginning to appear in almost as great numbers as the navy blue that made our summer, the reason being the number of dark green dresses seen on the gals these days. Green is not considered unlucky here as it is in France. In the evening lots of bare legs."

College Humor

ABE MARTIN ON YOUNG PEOPLE

"I'm gittin' blamed tired o' bein' told I'm gittin' ol' ever' time I express my opinion about a lot o' th' stuff that's bein' pulled t'day," says Abe Martin in the November College Humor. "O' course, ther's allus been spoonin' in dimly lighted parlors, an' on wistaria-clad verandas, but girls wore somethin' besides breech cloths, an' boys didn' hold up livery stables fer money t' show 'em a good time.

"Mebbe our girls are wiser, more frank an' open an' self-reliant than they used t' be, but I'd hate t' marry one an' have any loose hammers or book ends layin' around, unless I owned a bank. An' it's probably true that never has our boys been as nifty lookin', as advanced, an' as capable an' as resourceful as they are t'day, but jest th' same I'd hate t' run a fillin' station or meet a flock o' them on a dark night.

(Continued to Page 6, Column 4.)

AUNT ABIGAIL'S HAPPY WISDOM

Dearest Auntie,

Good heavens, Auntie! I am just bubbling and boiling and sputtering with rage, because the other day my becu boy sent me his picture. Now Auntie he isn't handsome, but he sure is nice. He has straw colored hair, and wet violet eyes, and a turned up nose, and false teeth. But I love him. Well to get in with my tale of woe, (because you know I could rave for hours on his niceness)—But anyway my roommate came in the room and looked at the picture and burst forth. She asked who had bought a can of salmon, and taken off the picture of the poor fish. Now Auntie, being of a very sensitive nature and easily hurt and easily roused to anger, my emotions ran riot. But I counted ten before I spoke. But I'm asking you what attitude must I take toward this human who just can't appreciate art.

All in a flutter,
Iva Temper

Dear Iva:

I'm glad to see in this day and generation a demure little maid, who is able to hold her tongue till she counts ten. I must congratulate you, and help you work out a little plan to get back at such nasty catty roommates. I'd just tell that young lady I had that picture here to scare away rats. I know it will hurt you but just put your hurts behind you and smile on to victory. She will probably see that you don't even care, and with soon come round on bended knee and say, "That boy, could be my young Lochinor and ride out of the west most anytime. I think this plan will work. If it doesn't resort to those old cruel methods of the dark ages, salt in her bed, and a wet slicker to boot.

Craftily yours,
Aunt Abigail.

Dear Auntie:

Boo-Hoo—Auntie I'm so down hearted. I've come to Harrisonburg, expecting to be called by my lovely old traditional family name Lenora Florabora Elenora Elizabeth Sampson Buchannon—and here my roommates just call me any old name from "Hey you,"—to "Ellie, Strong Lady" (cause they claim I must be since I've carried this long name all through life), to nut, and nub and etc. I know mamma won't like me being called a pick name because she just never liked nick names. She has always claimed they were so ill bred. She always made me call my little brother Elmer Oliver William Julian. So, I'm just heart broken because I love my old name, and I know I shall be forced to get real rash and just tell these girls. I'll have to lightly smash them on the wrist or put poison in their shredded wheat if they don't say my full name. And, I just can't say such harsh things Auntie. So, please advise.

Simply distracted

Lenora Florabora Elenora Elizabeth Sampson Buchannon.

Dearest Lenora Florabora Elenora Elizabeth Sampson Buchannon:

Honey, Auntie's hand is tired after writing this—but if you must be called your whole name I'll be a martyr and write it. But, young lady, old Auntie, as old as she is and has such a catchy tricky name as Abigail, lets folks call her Abby and even some of our long named, students at this worthy institution allow us the privilege of calling down the alphabet 'til we striked their name like K. N. C. So, L. F. E. E. S. B. I'll write mamma a letter just asking for special permission for faculty to call your initials because, our class periods here are only fifty minutes long, and it would be a time saving device. So, dear don't worry your young head, and just keep on answering to the "Call of the Wild."

All tired out,
Auntie

POP WARNER IS A REAL FOOTBALL MAN

"Other coaches have flashed more brightly across certain fall seasons when all America is football mad," says Dick Hyland, a Warner football star, writing in the November College Humor about the Pacific Coast coach. "Two others have service records as long. A few have defeated him. But none have equaled 'Pop' Warner's best performances. And combining his thirty-three years of activity, the teams and stars he has turned out, the drastic progress he has forced in our favorite sport, and his own unique personality, he holds his title securely.

"Warner can see a team play and find more flaws in their defense, more blocks for their offense and more characteristic 'give away' traits in the players than any man living. Stanford has never been accused of playing dirty football even before Warner came there, but had it been a practice before the advent of the old man he would have put a stop to it. He sees every bit of it pulled in a game.

"One of the secrets of Pop's success," continues Hyland, "is his knack of putting men where they belong. He turns average halfbacks into successful ends, makes star guards out of poor quarters, dependable centers of erratic tackles, and vice versa.

"His teams fight as much for Pop as they fight for their Alma Mater. And when Pop tells you to do something, you go out and do better than your best to win. One thing Pop does not do—and it is illustrative of the way he handles his men—is to bawl them out before the rest of the squad. He thinks of their feelings and takes them aside when he has anything unflattering to say.

"His system—the Warner system so often mentioned wherever football men gather to talk about the game—has taken thirty years to build. Today it is one of the simplest and most effective in football. Pop has a flock of basic plays which he gives his team the first week every season. During a season he will give approximately sixty plays; about twenty of them will be used. A rival coach once said that if Stanford had a quarter ready to call the plays Pop gives Stanford teams, no one in the country could hold Stanford under six touchdowns.

"The players never get familiar with Pop, never feel close to him personally, although they do wisecrack him occasionally and he likes it. He is one of the crowd when he is with other people, and his favorite indoor sport is to gather several old-timers around him and have a 'remember when' game. His stock of anecdotes and stories—parlor, bedroom, bath and football—is inexhaustible."

College Humor

(Continued from Page 3, Column 4.)

re-admitted. The administration countered by declaring that Simon Gerson, Communists and president of the Social Problems Club, must refrain from all extra-curricular activities—which meant that he must no longer be president of the club, and must give up the fight against militarism. At a large meeting the students unanimously supported Gerson and urged that he retain his office, which he did.

"Followed a period of silence from the administration. June examinations came and Gerson, who is a good student, completed all the examinations but one. On the eve of his final examination he received a telegram summoning him to a faculty meeting. There he was summarily dismissed from the college on the ground that he had failed to obey the orders of President Robinson. He was also not admitted to his last examination, which meant that he would receive no credit for the year's work.

"That night leaflets were printed and distributed. About 150 students attended the meeting at the flagpole

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THE LOOK AHEAD

I am done with the years
that were;
I am quits;
I am done with the
dead and old;
They are mines worked out;
I delved in their pits;
I have saved their grain
of gold.

Now I turn to the future
for wine and bread;
I have bidden the past adieu.
I laugh and lift hand to
the years ahead:
"Come on! I am
ready for you!"

—By Edwin Markham

(Continued from Page 3, Column 5.)

Gwynn Somers
Odella Smith
Blanche Sprinkle
H. Steinmetz
Anne Stern
E. Sutherland
F. Sutherland
Vestal Thomas
Marion Turner
Arabelle Waller
Ruby Waller
Martha Warren
Catherine Wherret
F. Wilson
Frances Rose Wood
Clarissa Woodard

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MILLINER

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Silk Underwear

WELCOME STUDENTS

OF

S. T. C.

RALPH'S

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Try our Delicious Hot
Toasted Sandwiches

"Best in Town"

The glad to see you store

: GEORGE'S :

Candy Kitchen

Hot Lunches Hot Coffee

Hot, buttered toasted
Sandwiches

No dish over 10c

Delicious Coffee

The best Home Made Candies
with the lowest price

College girls this is your first
stop and first up to date store
down town.

JIM TULLY INTERVIEWS TOM MIX AND WILL ROGERS

"Both Tom Mix and Will Rogers are wealthy and unspoiled," says Jim Tully in the November College Humor. "Both have a genius for common sense, and eyes that see far into life. Neither man has the least shred of pretense. And in a nation that worships money, they each earn a half million dollars a year."

"Will Rogers and Tom Mix are the same type of men. Their stature, build and contour of features are about the same. Their words and thinking are mixed with the salt and blood of life. With hearts as open as old-fashioned ranch houses, they are free of the cheap veneer which spoils so many shallow people in Hollywood."

"What about your old pal, Tom Mix, Will?" I asked.

"Oh, they hain't none better than him. He's a great fellow. I've knowed him thirty years. You hear about new Western stars supplantin' Tom, as they say, but they hain't done it yet. Tom's like Henry Ford—he's smart."

"Tom Mix says of Will Rogers, 'In all the time I've known Bill, I hain't never known him to do an unkind thing to nobody; he's four square an' a yard wide, is Bill. He reminds me o' men like Mark Twain an' Walter Whitman; they didn't have a lot of education, but they both had a lot o' sense, an' some day people are goin' to remember Will just like they remember them.'"

"A great, genuine affection exists between these two men who have gone so far on the road to fame."

C. H.

JUNIOR LEAGUE MEMBERS ARE DISCUSSED

"Fifty percent of the young members from the debutante or frivolous college maiden type go into the Junior League," says Nancy Hoyt, member of a family prominent in Washington diplomatic and social circles, in the November issue of College Humor, "not for the joys of washing negro babies or addressing envelopes or filling out card indexes of charities, but solely for the excitement of appearing for one brief evening, in one of the always successful J. L. shows. For no Junior League show, amateur or professional, has ever been a flop financially, and with families in the audience we know our applause will be thunderous."

"When the net profit to the league after a week's showing is somewhere around ten thousand dollars you can better understand what a success the show has been by realizing that after the big theatre rent is paid, Mr. Ned Wayburn, who trains the dancers, takes an ungodly percentage from the gross and this, besides tips, presents to the assistant producers, tickets and sundries, must all be deducted before any sum is handed over to them for their charities. And even after Mr. Jack Horner-Wayburn has put in his thumb, they still have ten thousand dollars! I've got to hand it to them."

"It's all velvet for the producers. They have a bunch of costumes' a few routines, some songs and fifty amateurs, pathetically anxious to do what they are told. For three weeks the show is whipped into shape and off goes the producer to another league, after pocketing a fat sum and probably an extra present of fifty dollars with his costumes and routines very little the worse for wear."

"Some towns put on homemade shows. These are not so bad as they sound and are more usual in Eastern cities where the audience is bored with anything less than Ziegfeld and prefers a little rustic originality if that perfect coordination so difficult to achieve in a few weeks' practice is not forthcoming. I have seen better

dancing in the homemade show than in any other place except a few world-famous night clubs, but I've also endured turns which make the worst ship's concert audience break into derisive giggles."

"There are a good many members who have at one time or another been on the stage, which gives a slight professional luster to the shows. Professional members exist in every town and in New York are legion. Their most famous member is Ruth Draper."

"The size of the league, the gentility of it, the social cachet it gives a gel! There are no better homes in America than Junior League homes, no nicer girls, no better babies, and no better college trained husbands."

"The organization does no one any active harm and certainly a lot of charities a great deal of active good."

—College Humor

A HITCH IN HIKING

New Jersey has legislated against hitch-hiking. A traffic law went into effect on September 1 making it an offense for anyone either to ask for or to offer a ride on the open highways of that state. This is bad news for the hundreds of college students who are accustomed to pass through New Jersey on their cross-country hiking trips. And it is handwriting on the wall for hitch-hikers in all parts of the country, for it points to similar legislation elsewhere as the evil practices of thugs and highway-men masked as hikers become intolerable. There was a happy time when it was possible to make one's three hundred miles a day without encountering more than the average amount of snubs from the long distance motorists anywhere in the country. But now drivers scrutinize the hiker with care before accepting him, or else whizz by, busily and pointedly engaged in looking elsewhere. And one does not blame them. In many cases their hospitality has cost them their pocket-book when they mistook a thug for a

(Continued to Page 3, Column 3)

(Continued from Page 4, Column 4.) on he C. C. N. Y. campus. A half dozen of President Robinson's right hand men also appeared. 'Stop speaking and disperse,' the order came. Gerson continued to speak. Faculty pencils wrote down the names of the students present. One of the profs pulled Gerson from the platform. The meeting was disbanded. Hank Rosner, not a Communist, star football player and chairman of the protest meeting was indefinitely suspended.

"Simon Gerson and Hank Rosner are applying for readmission as the new term opens."

"Indications are that there will be a militant fight as the term opens, when Gerson and Rosner will apply for admission. The student body has been thoroughly aroused, and as the undergraduates return to their studies and autumn football they have a basic struggle awaiting them. Will Gerson and Rosner continue with their studies and their anti-military activities or will President Robinson continue to fire radicals and uphold the R. O. T. C.? Have the Communists a right to be students in bourgeois institutions? Have they a right to organize and express their views on the campus? Only the student body can answer these questions. The eyes of the radical and liberal sections of the student body all over the country are fixed on the campus of the C. C. N. Y."

There will appear on the ballots of most states this fall Communist electors for a Communist presidential candidate. Communist speakers will be permitted to speak on our street corners and in halls. Let the officials of this city college acquaint themselves with what is going on outside their feudal precincts and then explain if they can why a citizen's rights must be suspended when he goes to a college.

CAMPUS

TOM SAYS:
An apple a day keeps the doctor away. If you leave the green ones out of it.

Eva Bargelt says a skin you love to touch is Woodburys—but a skin you hate to touch is a banana skin.

Miley—Last night I dreamed I was married to the most beautiful girl in the world.

Lillian—Oh, Miley! Were we happy?

Miss Shaeffer—What are pauses?
Betty Bishop—They grow on cats.

Pat—You know L. C. reminds me of a magazine.

H. W.—Which one? "Popular."
Pat—No. Everybody's.

A Situation
It was another one of those moonlight scenes:

She was close to me
And I was close to her.
Not a word passed between us.
There wasn't room enough.

Mr. Chappellear—The class will now name some of the lower species of animals, starting with Miss Wiley.

Tommy (nervously)—Isn't that your father?

Anna—Yes. He's collecting material for a book on embarrassing situations.

Mrs. Lineweaver—How in the world did you tear your clothes so badly?

Helen—Tearing myself away from my studies, Mother.

Mary Watt—Evelyn, I know that a cake is burning. I can smell it from the hall.

Evelyn—I can't help it, dear. The recipe book says it must stay in the oven twenty-five minutes and its only been in for twenty.

Rand—Have you read "Freckles?"
Chick—No, I have brown ones.

The First Version
A kiss, a sigh,
A sad goodbye.
My sweetheart's gone.
A merry whirl, another girl.
So life goes on.

Little boy—Mamma, there are some girls on horse back and they have those funny looking clothes on.

Mamma—What, knickers?

Little Boy—Oh, no, Mamma! They are white people.

Dobie Pittman claims the smoothest date she ever had was with a patent leather salesman.

Doug—Shall I take you to the zoo?
Harriet—No. If they want me they will come after me.

The latest song the Scotch sing is "Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella."

LOVE—WHAT IS IT?

Love—
What is Love?
Can it be
You
Sweet as the fragrance
Leaving the lotus?
Can it be
Love
Pulsing as pleasure
Gathered from living?
Can it be
You
Feeling the sorrow
Bursting my heart strings?
What is love?
Who but you?

J. E. P.

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'LIDA WAS BEAUTIFULBy Ann Morrow
AFTERNOON

The door slammed and the sound of footsteps clicked down the stone steps. 'Lida had left. The rosebushes on either side of the path still trembled a little from having been brushed against as she went by. Inside Grandmother Carol sat knitting by the cold tea things where 'Lida had left her. There was 'Lida's tea cup, the tea leaves, the lemon and half-crumbled biscuit on the table. Here was the pillow slipped down from the sofa that 'Lida had been clutching as she laughed. The room was still, quiet with a dim tingled remembrance (as when a bell has just stopped ringing) of tinkling spoons and the brittle knock of cups and saucers; of 'Lida's laughter which rippled through her conversation and went along with it, circling the islands of her words.

"'Lida is so beautiful," said Elizabeth, still standing by the door, watching the trembling rosebushes. Grandmother Carol sat knitting and smiling. "Beautiful girl," she mused slowly. "Beautiful, beautiful," she echoed drowsily, letting the words drop slowly into that pool of silence. "Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful," Jane had just come down the stairs. She could feel the widening ripples of admiration that 'Lida had left behind her. Out on the porch they were talking about her, "—lovely—'Lida—'Lida—beautiful." The rockers creaked. "Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful," Jane sang in a descending scale climbing up the stairs and then ending irrelevantly, "Life is but a dream."

Yes, 'Lida was beautiful, she thought, but it did seem to her that it was rather unfortunate to have such a cousin. Always, as far back as Jane could remember, she had had the incomparable 'Lida held up to her as a model of goodness and beauty. And she wondered wearily, was 'Lida so beautiful? It did seem to her sometimes that 'Lida was just a little—well dowdy. Or was she getting old? Twenty-nine. (Jane reflected, seriously). When does the "young married set" cease to be young? That delicious lavender blue skirt—wasn't it just a little too long? As for her figure (Jane surveyed her slim one in the mirror). Well—she was almost tempted to take 'Lida aside and tell her she should count her calories! She ate so many of those little crumbly biscuits at tea. What fun it would be to give the incomparable 'Lida a tip. 'Lida who had always given her tips—showed her how to tie her dancing school bow so that it stuck out stiffly—who had put her hair up the first time—who had sent some of her beaux to dance with her at parties so that her young cousin would not be a wall-flower. No, Jane reflected rather bitterly, she couldn't even have a beau without 'Lida's having had him first. That was it of course. Tom had once liked 'Lida. That explained Jane's vague resentment. Nasty envy, that was all it was, and silly at that, now that 'Lida had married someone else and now that Tom—

There was a letter from him, in today's mail on her bureau. "Anyway, 'Lida," she said out loud a little triumphantly and slit open the letter with bored assurance of its contents. She would have a moment to read it before she must help Elizabeth with the tea things. (Already she could hear the rattle of silver in the tray downstairs, the squeak of the card table legs as Elizabeth shut them up). "Anyway, 'Lida—" she repeated. A little too bored she was, a little too sure of the contents. She knew he would ask when he could see her again and why she hadn't written, how hot it was in Boston, small gossip, how he would be the best young lawyer in

the country in a year or two if he worked hard and if she would only say—(downstairs she could hear the heavy scrape and thump of chairs being put back into place and the soft sound of footsteps back and forth, back and forth, living room to pantry, pantry to living room. Elizabeth was taking the dishes into the pantry). She knew so well what the letter would say. If only, she thought they could once really touch—could really understand each other. If they could just once exclaim over the same thing. If Tom would just show a little appreciation for the things that really count.

She flipped open the page and read it through hurriedly: "—you're not a very good letter writer—law office dull—wish I could see you—O'Neill's new play—saw 'Lida—became disgustingly fat—next year a salary large enough—Oh! Jane, Jane, I saw a maple wood desk, a gem that we—" (down stairs a door slammed a little too precipitantly. Dishes clattered in the sink and there was the fierce hiss of hot water. Elizabeth was impatient). "Damm," said Jane, leaving the maple wood desk for the tea dishes. She ran down stairs "Row, Row, Row your boat," she started humming, "Merrily, Merrily, Merrily, Merrily." That silly tune.

EVENING

Upstairs, dressing for dinner, Jane was happy. She could not remember why. It was not just that the fog was coming in, shutting out all the world except the black boughs at her window and shutting her in—in this warm humming atmosphere. It was not just the room where her lamp was smoking comfortably on her dresser, making a halo on the ceiling. It was not just all pleasurable and customary sounds of that hour before dinner: the crackle of paper as someone started a fire in the living room; the dull knock of plates being placed on the table; the click of the latch on a cupboard door and upstairs the sound of water running for a bath. Sometimes, this afternoon, for instance, she had minded hearing all the inside workings of a house as clearly as one might see the inside workings of a watch, the back lifted off, but now they shut her in and enveloped her in their comforting familiarity, like an old wrapper.

But this was not all. She was happy for another reason. She could not remember. It was something more specific. She had that vague sense of a lovely hidden object that she was cherishing in the bottom of her mind, some secret jewel she might uncover. What was it? That letter she thought, perhaps it had to do with that letter? She remembered now, it was something about that letter from Tom. It had made her particularly happy. Why was it? Had they finally touched somewhere? Had he shown his appreciation of something she loved? Something they had together—that must be it, she concluded. She turned these things over, one by one, slowly trying them out, with that vague feeling of happiness. It was like trying to catch a tune that half runs through one's mind by repeating the first three notes over and over; hoping that the rest of the tune will reconstruct itself in a flash from that beginning. Painstakingly she tried to recall phrases of the letter. Painstakingly she went over her recurring thoughts: something together?—something understood?—something lovely? What could it be?

(Downstairs she could hear Martha's high shaky voice singing as she lit the candles for dinner). Jane turned to blow the powder off the bureau cover and look in the mirror, "Merrily, Merrily, Merrily, Merrily" the tune echoed insanely through her

mind. She was thin, she thought. It was good to be slim and young. "Merrily, Merrily, Merrily—" Suddenly, with a shock of unpleasantness as definitely physical as a bowl smashing at her feet—she remembered—"Lida—disgustingly fat." (Smith Monthly in the New Student)

(Continued from page 1, Column 5.) England. Shortly after, Leginska received a call to mek her debut in New York. Although barely out of her teens, she was invited to play with Walter Damrosch and his great orchestra. In Boston her enviable career was well known. She played with the Symphony Orchestra a number of times and later gave concerts at Symphony and Jordan Halls, attendance records of which are yet to be equalled by any pianist with the exception of Paderewski.

Leginska claims her greatest achievement came three years ago when she led the Munich Orchestra in Germany. After her success as a conductor was established she was invited to be guest conductor of all the great orchestras of the world, and now she has come to Boston and has organized and successfully presented for the first time in history a complete symphonic orchestra, every chair of which is filled by a woman musician—an orchestra with success behind it and undoubtedly with many years of success to come.

Leginska as soloist, composer and conductor was decidedly equipped to judge the membership of a great orchestra the most searching and rigid of examinations was given to each applicant for membership to this orchestra and while, naturally, musicianship was the first requirement, it was necessary to consider many other phases as well with the result that the "esprit de corps" is probably more marked in the Boston Women's Symphony Orchestra than any other orchestra in the land. There is no clock in the rehearsal room of the Boston Women's Symphony Orchestra—time is not measured as time—results and achievement only count, for Leginska and her musicians recognize that, while musicianship is a prime requisite in producing fine results, it is only by hard work, constant and continual rehearsing,—that it is possible to arrive at the desired point of perfection.

(Continued from Page 1, Column 5.) merely a local affair, but a national organization. The aim set by the Y. W. C. A. is high, but it endeavors to render service to God and man to the best of its ability.

Anne Ragan issued an invitation to the student body to join the Y. W. C. A., as Tuesday, October 9, had been made Membership Day. On this day pledges and membership cards could be signed by anyone wishing to join.

The treasurer, Elizabeth Dixon, also urged the students to join, and to pledge as much as possible to the support of the organization. The Y. W. C. A. is not a money-making society, but it takes funds to keep up its standards and purposes.

The student body was then dismissed by the Y. W. benediction, lead by Mary Boone Murphy.

FOR COLLEGE VOTERS

College Students who wish to vote this fall are advised to acquaint themselves with the laws governing absentee voting in their state well before election time. In 1924 many such students were deprived of their franchise through ignorance and, as this election promises to evoke more college interest than any recent ones, it is very likely that many will discover

at the last minute that they cannot vote. Very often the political opinions of town are at variance with those of gown, and the student who does not come to the polls armed with a thorough knowledge of his rights loses his vote.

Studies of the laws affecting the absentee voter have been made by Simon Michelet of the National Get-Out-the-Vote Club and by Helen M. Rocca, secretary of political education of the League of Women Voters and inquiries addressed to the national officers at Washington will no doubt be promptly answered. According to the *Christian Science Monitor* thousands of college students who considered their votes lost on account of their inability to register in person may learn how to vote from these organizations. Many states have recently altered their election laws to facilitate absentee voting and these organizations have all the latest changes.

For a concise digest of the platforms of the seven political parties whose candidates are in the field, that issued as a special supplement to the *October World Tomorrow* is recommended. It contains a brief history of each party and its is strictly non-partisan. The *World Tomorrow* is published at 347 Madison Avenue, New York.

COLLECTIVE BARGAINING WINS

Brookwood—our only labor college of importance—is under fire. Matthew Woll, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor is responsible for the decision of the Executive Council to ask affiliated unions to withdraw their support from the college. The college is being charged with anti-religious and pro-Soviet leanings. But who investigated the institution and upon what evidence the charges are based neither students nor faculty nor board of directors can tell.

Fortunately there was a great deal of protest against this summary action, and President William Green has promised Brookwood College that no final action will be taken until members of the Executive Council have had "ample opportunity to acquaint themselves with the protests filed." We are happy to find Mr. Green so easily won over to the principle of collective bargaining. Autocratic control of the intellectual life would seem to be the furthest from labor's policy, judging from the fact that the laboring man continually fights against monopoly in distribution of the material benefits of life. A labor college should indeed be a model of democracy in education, especially since labor often suffers an intellectual eclipse in the regular colleges. Brookwood has during the seven years of its life been such a democratic college. Faculty and students share in the school's government; all points of view are given a hearing, and it has been inevitable that a few Communists should be found within Brookwood's walls. It will be unfortunate if this freedom is curtailed. A Brookwood, under the thumb of a Matthew Woll, will be of no more significance to true education than a public utility course at the University of Pennsylvania.

(Continued from Page 4, Column 2.) "I remember when young ladies used t' hitch behind th' courthouse so's nobuddy could see 'em step in an' out o' ther buggies. I don't know what sort o' stockin's they had on, or how they stacked up, but they never sped for any alimony. Th' girl o' t'day would try t' step on a camel if it is very likely that many will discover

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